

THE PACIFIC Commercial Advertiser

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The Sultan may conclude to withhold that American indemnity money until he sees how Uncle Samuel's collections go in China.

Anyhow Mr. Astor can feel that he isn't half so badly off for aristocratic society as was the old muskrat hunter who made him what he is.

Who would frame that "honest character?" The noble brotherhood that tricked the Republican party out of a set of honest primary rules?

The Bulletin denies that the spoils seekers would be the ones to profit by a city charter. Why, then, are they all at work for one? Nobody else is.

"It is up to the taxpayer to act," says the organ of bigger public expenses. So it is. But let the taxpayers get ready to dodge when the time comes.

The Democrats are paramouring again but they are still shy of digging up Paramount Mount who was run in to the ground for his services to Lillu-okalani.

If the Kaiser carries out his threat to send the Queen three pictures, painted by himself, she will begin to see what a merciful Providence it was that spoiled her eyesight.

Why not punish a culpably tardy lawyer for contempt of court? Why oblige an innocent client to go through the redress which courts of justice were organized to give him?

If it is true that the request for municipal independence has its source in the small taxpayer, then that individual is more anxious here than ever was anywhere else to have his tax-burdens trebled.

The latest plea for a city charter rests on the postulate that the town should be improved, and mention is made of various Improvement Clubs that want things. It is easy on this basis to figure up a debt of \$5,000,000, the annual interest charge upon which, saying nothing of a sinking fund, would be not less than \$200,000 or \$300,000 per capita. Adding the old taxes, the salary roll of a municipality and the cost of public buildings, the tax for County and Territorial purposes, etcetera, and Honolulu would be a mighty good town to move away from.

The Bulletin takes the liberty of saying that the Advertiser's charge that the Republican primaries were carried by fraud is an "artistic lie." Fraud is a harsh word but it is known of none other that describes a Republican primary success won by the men who are not Republicans for the sake of defeating the candidates of those who are. When native Independents were run into the primaries in blocks of five, that was fraud, only different in degree though not in kind from the stuffed ballot box used to defeat T. McCants Stewart. On the only occasion when the Republicans of Honolulu ever got together under one roof, to develop a party policy, the men who soon after "carried" the primaries were beaten seven to one. That is their party proportion now unless disgust has caused the more self-respecting ones to get out and still further reduce it.

EVOLUTION OF AN ISSUE.

Scene—A fancy restaurant.
Proprietor—Ah gentlemen, what will you have?

Scribes in chorus—You may give us a tenderloin steak, cut thick and broiled, with French fried potatoes and coffee. Bring us some olives, radishes and French bread now.

The dinner is served.

First Scribe—Some more olives, please!

Second Scribe—Fetch more butter, too, and another loaf of French bread.

Both Scribes—Ah-h-h that was a bully dinner.

First Scribe—Say, don't you suppose we can get half-rates seeing that we are members of the press?

Second Scribe—You bet. Say, boss, what's the charge?

Proprietor—One dollar and a half, please!

Both Scribes—What!

Proprietor—One dollar and a half.

Both Scribes—Say, do you know who we are? We are the whole thing on the Daily Roast.

Proprietor—Glad to meet you, gentlemen.

Both Scribes—Can't we get anything off?

Proprietor—Sorry, gentlemen, but we have one price for all and that is the price on the card.

Scene Second—A newspaper paragraph:

"Does the High Sheriff know that there is a restaurant on Tycoon street which sells wine and beer to its guests and yet has no license? Of course he knows it. That being conceded it is up to him to close the vicious and demoralizing joint without delay. Marshal, it's your move."

Scene Third—Another paragraph:

"Though the Daily Roast has given evidence that wine and beer are sold in the unlicensed Tycoon street restaurant the impotent police take no notice of the matter. It looks like a Tammany divide. The excuse that the cafe proprietor sends out for wine and beer when those beverages are ordered is a plain subterfuge, quite worthy of a pampered and petted hireling of the family compact. How long the people will endure this kind of misgovernment we do not know, but we venture the opinion that it won't be long."

Scene Fourth—Another paragraph:

"The degradation of the Honolulu police force is such that the people need to organize a municipality so as to get the control of police affairs in their own hands."
And all because the price of tenderloin steaks in a Honolulu fancy restaurant is not gauged by the business of the consumer.

THE ELECTORAL BASIS.

In commenting upon the municipal issue an evening paper said that city government could be made an administrative success by the right kind of voters. Given a sound and vigilant electorate, an honest and useful system of home rule would follow. The theory is not to be disputed though it fails to reach the important question of cost. Doubtless, good men electing good officials would secure good government—that is a mere truism which goes without the saying.

But a condition, not a theory, meets us here in Honolulu. The American and the native naturalized electorate is very small and the majority of its active publicans, led by the carpet-bagger, are after spoils. Of the old, conservative class which steeled things in 1893 we can no longer count upon many Germans and Englishmen because they are not going to become American citizens. What is left of the conservatives who are qualified to vote? It is true, a very large majority of the Anglo-Saxon electorate here but a work minority of the whole voting class. The Latin element which can go to the polls this year and for a few years to come is small and its convictions about good government are unfinished from spoils government. This only can be surmised. The power just now lives in the aboriginal vote and this vote, if wrongly advised and led, is capable of doing enormous mischief to the taxpayers.

In view of the actual conditions, it is more clap-trap to talk about a municipal system of Honolulu finding a good basis in the jealous regard for good government which is typical of an advanced American community. This is only technically an American community; in the vital respects of political feeling it is a city given over to a class which Americans cannot worship. Our majority would restore the Queen if it could; many Portuguese loyally cling to the political institutions of the Motherland. As to the Hawaiians they look almost congenitally upon politics as a means of securing wise and economical government. We do not say this weakness is without excuse, for the Hawaiian, for generations past, have shown scant respect for meum and tuum. The spirit of the monarchy was distinctly opposed to the Anglo-Saxon idea of good administration. So when one Hawaiian leader welcomes the Culom suffrage on the ground that it means seven years of plenty for the natives; when another says "Kill the political haole; give Hawaiians a chance" and when another seriously proposes to band the native voters into a great "piece club" so as to offer their suffrages to the highest bidder, what have we but a hereditary condition, a most alarming one to the friends of good government, it is true, but perfectly natural and logical in its development. To talk of a sound municipal system resting upon the acknowledged freed of a hungry proletariat is to indulge in vicious nonsense. Can men gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles? Can a stream rise higher than its source?

The time will undoubtedly come in these Islands when the Anglo-Saxon will be paramount in numbers as he now is in education, business progressiveness and wealth. Short of that time there can be no good government which depends upon universal suffrage. That was clear to the Congressional Commission a few years ago and it is clear to every discerning man not hopelessly given over to the spoils system. Prudence as taxpayers and well-wishers of the country demands that the conservative white element shall resist to the last extremity every premature approach to the municipal system. Some day we may need to take that system but not now when people trained in good government are so few and the predatory political classes are so large. Possibly the conservatives, being in a minority, may not be able to carry their point; but if so it should not be for want of trying. The job-chasers have gained much which might easily have been withheld from them by united effort; let them not have a "walk-over" in a matter so vital as the demarcation of county, city and village lines would be to the welfare of the taxpayers.

GROWTH OF MORMONISM.

One of the most surprising things in the history of missionary effort the world over is the success the Mormons are having in their work of proselytizing. The church now owns 300,000 communicants and during 1899 added 22,000 to the number. Within the next three decades the Latter Day Saints hope to be the paramount religious body in the West and in the western province of Canada. Bishop Bunker declares that Alberta, in the Northwest Territory, promises to become a second Salt Lake City. The gains made there are larger than in any other region in the world and are growing in their ratio from year to year.

Another surprising thing is the manner in which the Mormon missionaries labor at their own expense and take no account of persecution except to turn it to the greater glory of the faith. The church now sends out 1,623 young men who are at work in various parts of the world. This number will soon be increased to 2,500. These missionaries, so Bishop Bunker declares, "accept no pay, ask no alms, take up no collections and maintain themselves at their own expense. They get nothing from the church at Salt Lake and they must pay all their expenses from their own pockets. To do this they must either have parents behind them or work a year and preach a year. Most of them have to borrow money from Utah before they get home. They are, in a sense, martyrs to their religion, because no other missionaries are so hostilely received as the Mormons. They come back to Utah with tales of the way they have been mobbed, rotten-egged, spat upon and drenched with boiling water. Yet they cheerfully return to their work."

The chief secret of the success of these young men in making converts is perhaps revealed by Bishop Bunker in his statement that the church looks closely to the material welfare of its membership. "The gentle faith," says the prelate, "is all spiritual and has its only reward in the other life. We believe all that, and we believe that Joseph Smith and Brigham Young were told by heaven how man's condition here on earth might be cheered and made preparatory for the joys of the hereafter. We believe that religion and the means to support one's family

go hand in hand and that a man's piety is not complete unless he takes care of his wife and children."

The Christian Church might learn something from precepts which are so full of worldly wisdom and which point so unerringly to the value of co-operation between the Christian employer and the Christian wage earner. There is an argument also in the Mormon example for what are known as institutional churches. We would not be surprised to find that the churches which do not grow are those which give their almost undivided concern to the spiritual development of man. Christ was always feeding the multitude. Now He did it by the miracle of the loaves and fishes; anon by turning water into wine. He filled the nets of the fishermen; when He gathered his disciples about him for the last time it was at a feast. It is not given the church in these days to perform miracles and its charity must be discriminating; but it can always, if it wishes to do so, provide the means of livelihood for its own flock. Mormons employ Mormons; Catholics employ Catholics, only Protestants are unmindful of their worldly opportunities to do spiritual good.

Another reason why the Mormons succeed, one which also applies to the Roman Catholics, is that they acknowledge authority and submit to discipline. When either church says "go" or "come" to its members the word is final. Democratic church government seems to produce laxity. Here, as in other fields of effort, what is everybody's business is nobody's business. Is it not a truth of very wide application that a church, like an army, is better for a visible and governing head? Does not its logical evolution come to that?

The story that Perry Heath was to be forced into the outer darkness politically was merely a feat of the Democratic imagination. Mr. Heath turns up as Secretary of the Republican National Committee, with the full confidence of his party.

Admiral Dewey's remark that he is glad he is out of politics is the first authoritative news the public has that he was ever in.

OF CURRENT INTEREST.

A Thirty-Seven Course Dinner.

A Chinese dinner in thirty-seven courses, which was recently given in San Francisco, is thus described by a participant: First came pyramids of ham and carrots in long slabs. Then in quick succession followed mutton, boiled pig hide, grilled fish rolled in sugar, and boiled fowl dipped in soy sauce. We were next treated to shark fins in pickle and eggs which had been buried in lime until they had become black. Peeled water chestnuts, the roots of a kind of lotus, cakes of stiff cranberry jelly, sliced boiled carrots and turnips completed the tenth course, and were topped off with olives arranged in pyramids, and held in place by bamboo pins. Green gages and tamarinds soaked in wine and pieces of fried red melon were all arranged in pyramid bamboo style. Small pieces of pastry rolled in brown sugar, sections of oranges, toasted melon pips and monkey nuts, small pink topped dumplings filled with sugar and patties, which resembled nothing in the world unless it was mince pies, were served as the fifteenth, sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth courses. Baskets of pastry filled with sandy brown sugar and envelopes of pastry filled with mince pie meat preceded the real "piece de resistance"—sea slug risoles. By this time one felt prepared for anything, and taste was nil. But fifteen more courses followed like a remorseless fate. They were mutton stewed to shreds, fish tripe in white soup, stewed duck, stewed shrimps, lotus seed, chicken and red sturgeon. Eight bowls appeared after these with a clear soup, which is known to the Chinese as "mouth nourisher;" raw pigs' kidneys, cut in fanciful shapes; stewed shrimps' eggs, sliced ham rolled into balls; dozens of ducks' tongues, stewed with ham, and sliced pigeon stew. Courses thirty-five and thirty-six defied analysis and nomenclature. Huge bowls of rice filled up at intervals, and the dinner ended with sweet pilau, the mixture that in China takes the place of bread.

Odd Inscriptions.

There are some remarkable inscriptions on the tombstones in quaint old cemetery in Franklin county, Pa., which are of comparatively modern date. On that of John Eshelman, who died in 1864, there are these lines: In all my days and etoindrdtolinnua In all my days and in my youth I never did tell an untruth.

I was the only dear son, and little more than twenty-one. I never used in all my tale a single one, an idle word.

Nor any of my sisters heard me use unpleasant word to speak. I led a single, upright life, then no one hears to weep my wife.

I still had a beloved one, while she still has her loss to mourn. On the tombstone of the Elder John Eshelman, born 1803 and died 1878, these lines are cut:

I mourn over our sins we had, While not so many good as bad.

Cape Nome and the Klondike.

"The expected has happened at Cape Nome," said a Seattle man the other day. There was such a big rush for the new diggings that the field has become overcrowded. The present is a good time for gold seekers to go to the Klondike. When it was discovered that the sands of Nome were full of gold, Klondike miners got the fever, and many valuable claims there were abandoned, and others were sold for a song. Claims can be bought there today for a fourth what they brought a year ago, and they have in no way depreciated in value. If some man with plenty of capital had been in the Klondike when the rush to Nome set in, he could have reaped a rich harvest. The miners were crazy to sell, and the prevailing price for some of the best properties was the amount necessary to carry the owners to the new Eldorado.

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